The Evening World Daily Magazine

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4, 1919

"Pictures in Music," New Art, Puts Thrills In World's Old Songs

Warp of Music, Woof of Romance—Mabel Wagnalls Tells How You Can Weave Thrilling Love Tales In With the Fabric of Harmony, Making Two Emotions Grow Where Only One Grew Before.

By Zoe Beckley.

MUSIC-IMAGERY is a new art. It is designed to aid the average person to get as many thrills out of Beethoven's Sonata Apassionata as from "Pals" or from a police quartet's blending of minor cadences in "Fires of Faith." To those millions of us whose blood circulation leaps wildly to jazz and subsides sluggishly at Chopin's Polonaise in D minor, notwithstanding our fervent desire to be musically highbrow, this new key to the emotions should fill a long felt want.

Its inventor is Mabel Wagnalls, daughter of the dictionary man, and a well known author and musician in her own right. Mrs. Wagnalls says music-imagery "is simply a picturization of music."

"The reason a song like 'The Long, Long Trail' is beloved by everybody," she says, "is because it makes a picture in your mind. It visualizes something. It stirs your emotions by showing you something you recognize, something you have felt or long to feel. It tells a definite story, sweet and simple.

"Now if classical music did the same you would enjoy it just as much. More, even, because the cheap rhythm and jingle of popular tunes make you tire of them soon. The harmonies of the classics keep their beauty forever."

Mrs. Wagnalls's two arts, literature and music, grew up with her from babyhood. Every day from the time she learned to print her first big, wiggly capitals she was required to write a little essay. The one she remembers best, done at the age of five, began, "My mother is a nice American lady who lives with daddy and me." So, you see, writing was almost first nature with her. When still so small that her toes did not reach the piano pedals by half a yard she invariably "storied" her exercises to make them more interesting.

"Clementi's Sonatinas" became all gay with fairies, goblins and the doings of giants and super-knights. When she grew older, love tales got intertwined with Chopin preludes and Moszkowski waltzes, so that they were almost as good as "Keep the Home Fires Burning" and "Where Do We Go From Here Boys?"

What more natural than that she should finally combine her two arts and make a quite new third one, just as a painter mixes blue and yellow and produces green?

"It seemed to me," says this charming lady with the lovely voice and the slender lines and the pretty clothes and the hands that are made for piano keys if ever hands were, "that by telling the first paragraph of a romance and then playing it I could make two emotions grow where only one grew before.

"I felt that I could make anybody enjoy classic music if I could make them get the human pictures and the human drama of which the musical notes are a record. For instance, if I play this"—— She sped to the piano and rippled off the opening bars of a Zelienski gavotte——"you might not get the meaning until I tell you the old, old, yet ever-new story of Harlequin and Columbine.

"Don't you catch the gayety of their love? See them making merry over their crust of bread and their cup of water, as though it was the rarest wine? And now the unfaithfulness and the rage and tears? And death? You see it all, don't you?"

Yes, I saw it all. I wouldn't have enjoyed "Over There" more. I began to feel that if I could take Mrs. Wagnalls with me and have her translate the thing, phrase by phrase, I could find joy in a symphony orchestra programme. She could give you the clue to a Bach fugue so that it would seem the melodic story of your most thrilling love affair. She could—with her alternate word play and finger play—make a popular song out of a Grieg concerto.

She has come very near performing this actual magic in the case of Beethoven's Sonata Apassionata, in which she sees and makes her audience see the colossal story of the creation. In plain words, Mrs. Wagnalls turns any given piece of music into a sort of song. And song, you will admit, is the most popular form of the musical art.

"Especially romantic and dramatic song," she adds. "What is 'Over There' but the event of the hour set to music? The more dramatic and elemental the event and the simpler the music the more it appeals.

"Birth, work, laughter, love, struggle, victory, peace, death—those are the fundamentals around which anybody can weave a successful piece of music. Among Beethoven's works are numberless music-stories of creation. I have never yet failed to make my audiences visualize through the 'Apassionata' this mighty drama.

"Take the 'Anvil Chorus' from 'Il Trovatore' as a sample of the work theme. It is so descriptive that it needs no words. It makes a picture in the mind. Everybody likes it. But I could help people through music-imagery to get just as vivid 'work pictures' from dozens of other compositions that the average person now 'sees nothing in.'

"The old 'Stein Song' from 'The Prince of Pilsen' was a sample of a delightful laughter-and-merriment theme. Now you could get the same pleasure out of a classic—out of dozens that I know—if the picture of laughter and joy were made plain to you through spoken words before the playing of each passage.

"As for a love story, I know of nothing more bursting with love than the opening bars of Chopin's B Flat Scherzo"——

She turned to the keys and began it, improvising some words to fit, and—well, our physical corpus may have remained seated on a rose silk chair in Mrs. Wagnalls's apartment overlooking Gramercy Park. But our soul went floating out the window, high above the rumbious commotion of Fourth Avenue, the trolley bells, the sinister subway, into thin, golden ethers peopled with yearning swains more handsome than Francis Bushman, more spiritual than Richard Barthelmess with the cleft in his Chinese chin. Gone was Broadway. Vanished Forty-second Street and the rest of Modern Babylon, even to the doughnut wagons of the Salvation Lassies-O. And profiteering landlords. And problems of shoes and steak. * * *

"And so it goes," Mrs. Wagnalls was speaking and we returned with a jolt to the world of matter, "through musical themes of love, struggle, victory, peace and death—which becomes almost a popular song when we listen to the Chopin or the Beethoven Funeral March.

"All we need in order to enjoy the best classic music ever written is for it to have MEANING. Imagery. I not only want to show grown-ups through this idea how to revel in music, but I want to put it into the schools so that children can learn to love good music by having it speak a story to them."

If we had to define our meaning of "Music-Imagery" we should say it is putting a sort of jazzless jazz into the classics and making them all palatable.

Summer Girl Must Dress in Frills To Welcome Hero Home to Romance

His Eyes Are Eager for a Sight of Silks and Laces; For the Beauty and Charm He Fought to Make Safe

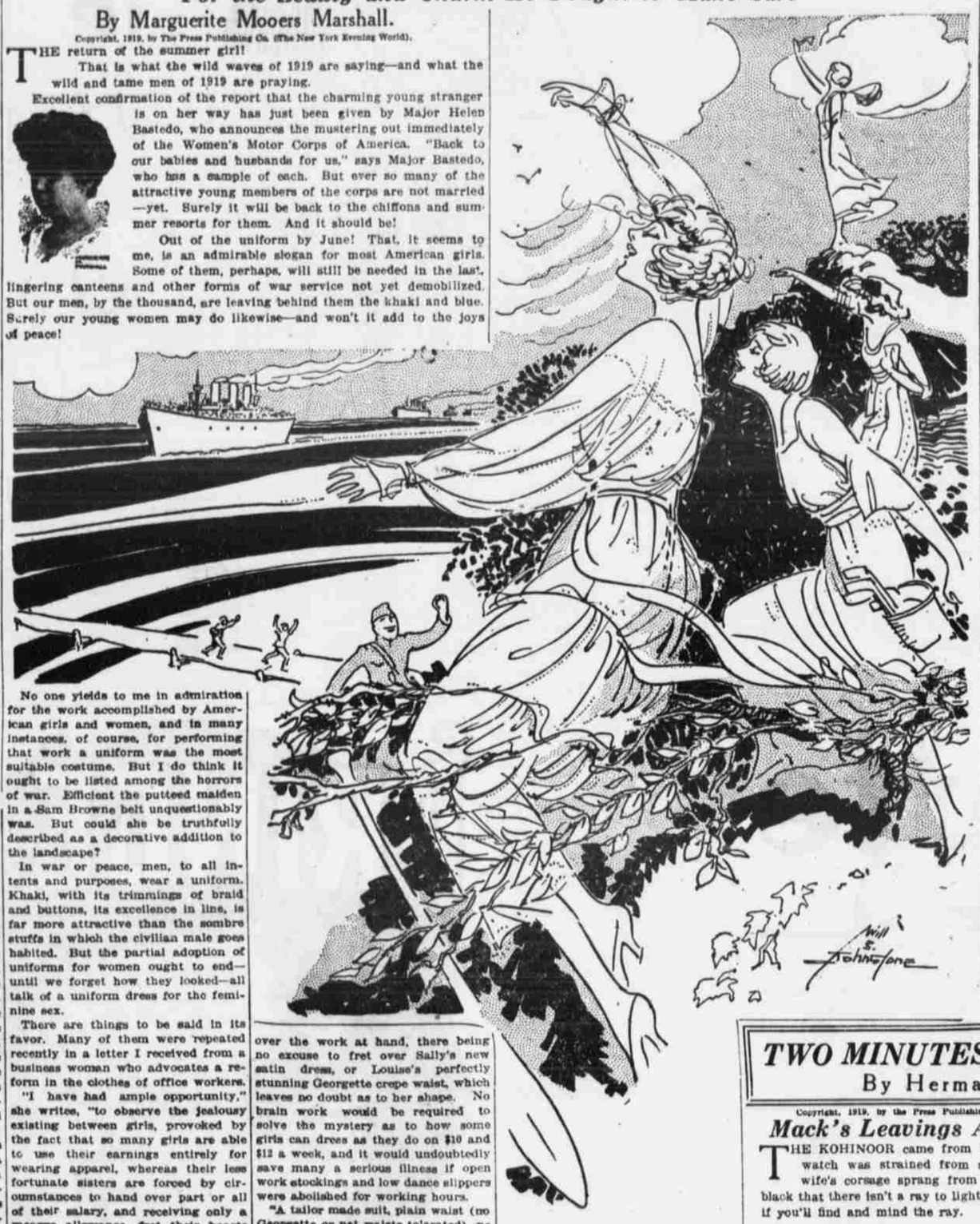
By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

THE return of the summer girl!

That is what the wild waves of 1919 are saying—and what the wild and tame men of 1919 are praying.

Excellent confirmation of the report that the charming young stranger is on her way has just been given by Major Helen Bastedo, who announces the mustering out immediately of the Women's Motor Corps of America. "Back to our babies and husbands for us," says Major Bastedo, who has a sample of each. But ever so many of the attractive young members of the corps are not married—yet. Surely it will be back to the chiffons and summer resorts for them. And it should be!

Out of the uniform by June! That, it seems to me, is an admirable slogan for most American girls. Some of them, perhaps, will still be needed in the last, lingering canteens and other forms of war service not yet demobilized. But our men, by the thousand, are leaving behind them the khaki and blue. Surely our young women may do likewise—and won't it add to the joys of peace!



No one yields to me in admiration for the work accomplished by American girls and women, and in many instances, of course, for performing that work a uniform was the most suitable costume. But I do think it ought to be listed among the horrors of war. Efficient the putteed maiden in a Sam Browne belt unquestionably was. But could she be truthfully described as a decorative addition to the landscape?

In war or peace, men, to all intents and purposes, wear a uniform. Khaki, with its trimmings of braid and buttons, its excellence in line, is far more attractive than the sombre stuffs in which the civilian male goes habited. But the partial adoption of uniforms for women ought to end—until we forget how they looked—all talk of a uniform dress for the feminine sex.

There are things to be said in its favor. Many of them were repeated recently in a letter I received from a business woman who advocates a reform in the clothes of office workers.

"I have had ample opportunity," she writes, "to observe the jealousy existing between girls, provoked by the fact that so many girls are able to use their earnings entirely for wearing apparel, whereas their less fortunate sisters are forced by circumstances to hand over part or all of their salary, and receiving only a meagre allowance, fret their hearts out for the pretty things they want and cannot get.

"When the business girl gets married, if she is not lucky and marries money, there results discontentment, and instead of being a help to hubby, wifey is only a drawback. There are quarrels, separations, divorces, all because the modern girl has been accustomed to go to business looking like a society lady, instead of the plain working girl she really is.

"If this reform was accepted by the large offices first, others would soon adopt the same plan. The result would be more efficiency and concentration over the work at hand, there being no excuse to fret over Sally's new satin dress, or Louise's perfectly stunning Georgette crepe waist, which leaves no doubt as to her shape. No brain work would be required to solve the mystery as to how some girls can dress as they do on $10 and $12 a week, and it would undoubtedly save many a serious illness if open work stockings and low dance slippers were abolished for working hours.

"A tailor made suit, plain waist (no Georgette or net waists tolerated), no extremely low neck or short skirt is my suggestion. What an improvement it would make in our big modern business offices!"

These suggestions, I feel sure, would commend themselves to the Rev. John Roach Straton. But I am equally certain they would be buried under a landslide of negative votes if New York went to the polls on the subject.

Down with uniforms and uniform dress for the summer girl of 1919! Let a peace conference of chaperons set some limits, if it will, to the freedom of the V's and the freedom of the knees. But now that the American motor girl, farmerette, canteen worker, munition maker, has won the war with khaki, let her win her deserts of admiration and attention with all the cool, fluffy prettiness she can buy and wear during the coming vacation season.

If she wishes to show her gratitude to the returning hero from overseas, to show him that he has indeed fought to make safe romance, beauty, charm, all the loveliness of life, she should dress the part. His eyes are sore for the sight of dainty silks, ribbons and laces.

When Neysa McMein, beautiful and accomplished young poster artist, returned from entertaining the A. E. F., she told me how doughboys after doughboy drew her aside and murmured bashfully, "Excuse me, but I've got sisters of my own, and I'm sure you'll understand—say, you just don't know how good it is to see a pair of silk stockings again!"

Every fluttering ribbon worn by the summer girl of 1919 will be a little flag of welcome to the American who, to serve his country, has endured mud, suffering, loneliness, hardship and the utter absence of every amenity of life. Not all our boys have left their horrors overseas. Some are bringing them back in memories that are too faithful. To these sombre-eyed youngsters the best of missionaries will be the gay, daintily dressed butterfly of a summer girl—the kind America used to make before the war.

More power to the summer girl! Confusion to our modern Puritans, who are discovering all sorts of moral horrors in the feminine frocks of the moment. We have supped full of horrors—let us have peace. And let us have a peace summer at last, full of moonlight, waltz music, roses, flirtation—and SUMMER GIRLS in all their adorable varieties of mufti!

Camouflaged Sheepskins

WHEN Missouri University graduates receive their sheepskins at this year's commencement, they will not be sheepskins at all. So charge one more item against Bill Hohenzollern.

Missouri will not be alone in the passing out of "bogus sheeps." All graduation certificates are being issued on plain paper, as Europe—which furnishes diploma material—has not yet been able to replenish the exhausted supply of parchment paper.

Style Notes on 1919 Bathing Suits

By Margaret Rohe

TO taffeta or jersey cling the smartest mermaids this season, or rather the taffeta and jersey clings to them in the shape of cunning little flounced and puffed and ruffled bathing suits, if they be taffeta, and straight-hung one-piece affairs if they be of other stuff.

A stunning marine blue taffeta model whose abbreviated skirt is just one scalloped ruffle after another, each scallop piped in vivid green, has a surplice waist, scalloped edged, and just an outlining of the scallops around the armholes. A quaint taffeta hat with a broad scalloped brim, green edged, tops off the deep sea picture.

Very fetching will be the bather who affects the jersey suit of Copenhagen blue, its straight lines bound by deep organdie fringe around the skirt, armpits and oval neck.

An amicable agreement between the Chinese and Japanese is evidenced by the Chinese blue bathing suit, cut after the long trousered and hip length coated fashion of a Chinese girl's usual apparel. A touch of black and scarlet embroidery finishes the sleeves, edges of the coat and high, close-buttoned collar, and frogs of black and scarlet fasten the coat. A dashing scarlet and black Japanese parasol and a perky little blue and black cap splashed with a scarlet tassel complete this novelty in bathing attire.

As always, the black taffeta or black and white costumes are dear favorites and this year they are brought up to date with vivid touches here and there of yarn embroidery or fringe.

Large figured foulards in blue and white, black and white or more hectic colorings strike the newest notes in this season's bathing modes. Indeed they strike so loud a note that the deep sea fish will have to learn to swim with their fins over their ears.

The stunning cape mantles, to be cast aside only at the water's edge, are usually of one-toned material whose surface is broken by appliqued or embroidered hieroglyphics in the form of cryptic monograms and always the linings are most vividly ornate. Fringe now sprouts effectively on some of the bathing mantles, as on every thing else.

Cute little silken bags, rubber-lined and monogrammed to match the cape and the bathing suit, are outfitted with mirrors and necessary adjuncts to the deep sea complexion which needs first aid and ready relief when waves have been too ruthless.

Where Can I Live?

A Question That All the World Is Asking

The Housing Problem in France And the City of Paris

Paris Commission Appointed to Build "Garden Cities" in the Suburbs First Bought 3,000 Acres of Land for $2,000,000 to Check Land Profiteering When Building Should Begin—The "Garden City" Plan Is Here Described.

SECOND ARTICLE OF A SERIES

Written Especially for The Evening World.

By Charles Harris Whitaker

Editor of The Octagon, Journal of the American Institute of Architects.

LONG before the war was ended, the Government of France began to make plans for rebuilding the devastated areas. The architects of France were invited to submit drawings for various types of houses, and in studying the programme which was issued with the invitation, one is struck with the manner in which the traditions of France have survived, in the past, and how strong they still are.

The Government asked for houses for blacksmiths, carpenters, plumbers, wheelwrights, plasterers, painters—for plans for little inns, little shops for the grocer, the butcher, the hardware man, the chemist, or druggist as we call him—and the architects of France were even to design a little house for the village dressmaker. Each house must have its own special thought and be designed especially for the workman who was to live in it, for in France the workman is still more of an individual than in most other countries. He is very often a master workman, with his house and shop combined.

This accounts in large measure for the fact that the housing problem in France is of quite a different character than elsewhere. It is more of a small town or small village problem, and especially so in the areas laid waste by the Germans. But the problem of bad housing exists, just the same, for the average small house in France is unsanitary, inconvenient, with small chance for a circulation of light and air. Now the Government is planning to rebuild all of the destroyed towns and cities, as far as possible, so that the workers shall have decent homes in which to live.

But the housing problem in the large cities is as bad as in all other large cities. It has grown so bad in Paris that just before the war a commission was appointed to see what could be done about building some garden cities in the suburbs of Paris. A garden city is really a little village where the number of houses to each acre of land is limited, and where each house has a small garden, while there are open spaces of land for the children to play in.

The commission has just issued its report, and in reading it one finds that although Paris is always pointed out as the one great city of the world that has taken special pains to make itself beautiful—that although it has a magnificent system of boulevards, beautiful public squares, fine vistas, and a general architectural perfection, as far as appearances go, it has allowed itself to become congested and to acquire a system of slums of the worst description. Worse than that, the commission made the discovery that land speculation had so ruined the outlying nearby areas that it was very difficult to find any land on which to build a garden city. "Other cities," says the report, "have taken pains to acquire control of land awaiting development. We in Paris have pursued the foolish policy of allowing speculators to take control of it, and now the evil is almost impossible of being cured."

The commission had been given 10,000,000 francs, or about $2,000,000 of our money. What do you think they did with it? They spent it all for land, because they recognized the fact that the first thing to be done with the money was to buy land. Otherwise, just as soon as the first garden city was built, and people began to see the advantages of living in such a place, the price of the rest of the land would go up to such a point that the commission could build no more garden cities. When you have to pay a higher price for land, then you have to give a smaller lot for the house, and as land goes up you have to give a smaller house, and as land continues to go up you have to give smaller room, until finally you have squeezed human beings into the smallest possible space into which they can be squeezed. That is the simple process by which we make slums and tenement houses. After the process reaches a certain point, some kind and thoughtful people have a law enacted under which they specify just how much room, light, air, sun, privacy and enjoyment each human being shall get. This they call a Tenement House Law, and it very soon means that no one can get any more than the law allows, and that only certain kinds of houses can be built.

* * *

Paris is going to make an experiment with her garden cities. She has bought six parcels of land of about 500 acres total area, and on each of these parcels she proposes to build a little village where people can be housed decently and where children can have a chance to grow up like human beings instead of like animals. She is not the first city to do this, for some of the English towns have carried out large schemes of this kind, but it is very significant that Paris has learned at last. As a city, she has paid too much attention to appearances and not enough to living conditions.

Her garden cities will no doubt prove to be profitable investments for her. Having control of the land on which they are built, she can prevent speculators from getting in to ruin her work, she will enjoy all the benefits that may come from a rise in the value of the land, and the people that live in the houses will not have their rent raised every few minutes.

The principle on which a garden city makes a profit is this: As it grows, it becomes necessary to have shops and stores. These have to be built on land belonging to the garden city itself, (which may be owned by the Government or by all of the people who live in it,) and thus the land on which the shops or stores are built is rented to the shopkeeper. Of course it commands a higher price than land on which to build a house. But the rent for the land is paid into the pockets not of some outside land-owner but goes directly into the pockets of the people who live on the land and who made the shop a profitable thing for some one to run. These earnings from land may go to reduce rents, or to reduce taxes, or to help pay off the loan with which the garden city has been built, in cases where the money has been lent by the State or by private individuals. In a nutshell, that is the secret of cheap rents and good houses. Make the increased value of land go to the people and not to private owners. There is no solution for the house problem until that is done, in some way.

TWO MINUTES OF OPTIMISM

By Herman J. Stich

Mack's Leavings Are Jack's Winnings

THE KOHINOOR came from Kimberlite mud. The gold in your watch was strained from slush and dirt. The lilies in your wife's corsage sprang from the swamp. Few situations are so black that there isn't a ray to light the way to something worth while—if you'll find and mind the ray.

When Roosevelt was Police Commissioner of New York his party sent him one of their pets who was dissatisfied with his work and who wanted to be sinecured. During the interview the young man admitted to half a dozen jobs in as many months.

"What's the matter?" asked the Police Commissioner. "Why don't you stick to a job?"

"Well," drawled the young fellow, "I don't stick because I can't find the right opportunity. I can't get a job I'd like."

"You can't get a job you'd like," echoed Roosevelt cryptically.

He thought for a few seconds.

"Neither can I!" he suddenly ejaculated. "I would like to be President of the United States! But I can't! So I'm doing my best at the job I've got! You can't get a job you'd like!" he shot out contemptuously; "then do *your darndest at the job you've got*—LIKE THE REST OF US!"

The humblest opening you can think of has at one time or another been filled by some man who made much out of little—who took the blindness out of a dark alley—and who made the alley lead to name and fame.

It is not only what you are doing IN your job—it is what you are doing WITH it—that will determine your destiny.

Mack's leavings can frequently be made Jack's winnings—if Jack will take the trouble—to look not at—but INTO—his prospects.

CONSERVATION.

JIMMY is a ten-year-old and very unpopular with the family just now. He reckons time from a bagful of ill-gotten marbles and has reduced the use of soap and water to a fine point. The other morning he was, as usual, late at breakfast. Finally his father mounted the stairs, only to come on Jimmy in the bathroom door looking complacently into his mother's hand mirror.

"What are you doing with that mirror?" his father asked brusquely.

"Trying to see which part of my face to wash," he answered.—Indianapolis News.

CAME TO LISTEN.

A RATHER choleric golfer went out to play for the second time on a certain course. Evidently his fame had preceded him, for at the drive off he found an interested audience of local youngsters.

"What's this?" demanded the choleric one. "What do you want?"

"Nothin'," was the noncommittal rejoinder of the leader of the bunch.

"Then clear off, everyone of you!" exclaimed the player. "There isn't anything here for you to watch!"

"We didn't come to watch," returned the youngster, without attempting to move on. "We came to listen!"—Los Angeles Express.